

SALVATOR AND TENNY RACE.

Both Horses in Fine Condition for To-Morrow's Contest.

An "Evening World" Man's Visit to the Stable of the Great Cracks.

The two greatest thoroughbred running horses now in training will meet to-morrow in a match over a distance of a mile and a quarter, at the course of the Conny Island Jockey Club.

The race is an echo of the Suburban. It is the old story of dissatisfaction with a horse's performance, and the match was the direct result of the chagrin which Mr. David T. Pulsifer felt when his horse Tenny was defeated by the mighty Salvator.

Pigned at being beaten, Mr. Pulsifer immediately challenged Mr. Haggin to match his horse with Tenny.

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DEATH IN THE ICE MACHINE.

Testing the Ammonia Tank Caused the Fatal Explosion.

One Man's Head Blown Completely Off His Shoulders.

There is much astonishment expressed to-day that such an apparently harmless and innocent-looking piece of mechanism as the ice machine which exploded in Hirtler Bros. pork-packing establishment on Washington street, Hoboken, yesterday afternoon should carry with it such disastrously fatal results.

A number of steam-fitters from the Nason Manufacturing Company, 71 West Street, this city, were employed in fitting the machine, which was one of the Nason Company's make, into Hirtler's place.

The men were testing the contrivance by subjecting it to air pressure when the explosion occurred. An air pressure of only 150 pounds to the square inch was being applied, followed by a suffocating cloud of shattered metal and mangled humanity, told the story of a horrible disaster.

The steamfitters working on the machine were Henry Drake, Thomas Kelly and John Meyer.

Mr. Hirtler, of the firm, had been inspecting the work only a few moments before the explosion was heard, but luckily he had quitted the place.

Drake's body was frightfully mangled. His head was blown completely off his shoulders, and the remains could only be identified by the clothing.

Kelly was struck by flying pieces of metal in several places and was cut severely in several places.

Meyer was knocked senseless by the shock, and was more or less bruised by the darting shafts of splintered iron.

The injured men were taken to the St. Mary's Hospital.

Mr. Hirtler was thrown to the floor by the explosion. He was scalded with steam and his arms and face were frightfully blistered. He was taken to his home.

Drake lives at 252 East Twenty-fourth street, Meyer lives at 744 Broadway and Kelly at 333 East Thirty-second street, all in Hoboken.

An explanation of the cause of the frightful accident was offered by Mr. Nason, of the Nason Manufacturing Company, to-morrow in the Evening World reporter.

"These ice machines are always tested at 150 pounds to the square inch," said Mr. Nason. "Our men were testing this one yesterday at Hirtler's, and there was no ammonia out into the tank."

"They were making a hydraulic air pressure, pumping air through one valve into the cylinder, which is 20 inches deep and 12 inches in diameter, and exhausting that air through another valve."

"We never fill the tank with ammonia gas until the machine has been tested. A complete test is generally regarded as such when the pressure is extended to 150 pounds to the square inch. At our works in New York we had subjected this machine to the test."

"The explosion happened the pressure was but 150 pounds. It is undoubtedly a rare case, and the ammonia out into the tank, which was not apparent on the surface."

"The second test at a far less pressure proved too much for the already overstrained iron, and the explosion followed. That is about all that can be said in explanation."

"It is much the same as in the case of all boiler blow-ups; you rarely know the cause of it until it has happened. Of course we deplore the affair most keenly."

"The hundreds of employees of Hirtler Bros. who were working on the machine, and the trembling of a repetition of the sad calamity."

"Mr. Nason Company say that this was the first accident to any of their machines, and they have placed a dozen or more in New York and Hoboken, and they are all safe."

"Coroner O'Hara, of Jersey City, to-day summoned a jury to investigate the cause of the explosion, and the inquest will be held Friday evening."

"The body of Kelly, who was injured about the head and shoulders, is doing well at St. Mary's Hospital, and it is thought well to remove him to his home."

"Henry Hirtler, the senior member of the firm, who was scalded by steam and otherwise injured, is also doing well."

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WHY DOESN'T "BOB" COME?

The Piteous Appeal of the Mysterious Beauty at Bellevue.

Waiting and Watching for a Husband She Has Lost.

"Mrs. Bob."

This entry in the register at the Bellevue Hospital is a touching appeal for the missing of one of the mysteries of New York.

A young woman, lastingly clad and with the air of perfect refinement, paced up and down the sidewalk in front of the Hotel Bartholdi last night for an hour before 11 o'clock.

She was evidently awaiting the coming of someone, for occasionally she stopped at this corner of the two greatest thoroughfares of New York—the very heart and soul of the metropolis—and peered through the dim light of Madison Square, up Broadway, down Broadway, east and west on Twenty-third street.

Then the patient pacing would be resumed. A dozen people, guests of the great hotel, became interested and were observing her movements.

She was a figure and was clad in a neat sailor's blouse, opened a little at the throat over a spotless linen shirt bosom; a gathered skirt of blue and a jaunty sailor hat, perched upon a shapely head. Her hair was light brown, cut short and fringed. She wore a pair of white gloves and carried a small bag.

She sat down on a bench and then stood up, she faltered, tottered and then fell prostrate upon the sidewalk, almost at right angles with the sidewalk. Two gentlemen carried her, inanimate form, into the dining-room. She was dead, and was placed in a cab by policemen and carried to the Thirtieth street station.

She revived, and in answer to the kindly, gentle questioning of fatherly old Hirtler, she stated that she had been waiting for her husband, who had been called out by a policeman. She was a widow, and was waiting for her husband, who had been called out by a policeman. She was a widow, and was waiting for her husband, who had been called out by a policeman.

"Bob! Bob! Where is Bob? Oh, my husband!"

She became quieter and said that she had been waiting for her husband, who had been called out by a policeman. She was a widow, and was waiting for her husband, who had been called out by a policeman.

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HOLDING DOWN THE TRUST.

Whiskey Dealers' Defiantly Presented To-Day.

Will Themselves Distill if the Octobers Refuses Their Demands.

War to the dogs is to be waged upon the Whiskey Trust.

The New York Wholesale Liquor Dealers' Association demands that the Trust, or the Distillers and Cattle Feeders' Company, as it is technically known, shall waive the rebate conditions it has announced and allow the dealers to purchase spirits in the open market.

The wholesalers have adopted resolutions declaring that if their requests are refused, they will begin a war on the Trust, the first move in which will be to build and operate their own distillery. They say they are prepared to form a stock company, with ample capital for this sole object.

Their demands took definite shape yesterday at a meeting held in Kemble's Hall in Whitehall street. They were then notified that President Greenhut, of the Whiskey Trust, would meet them to-day.

There are several prominent whiskey dealers in town, among whom are President Greenhut, Adolf Winkler, of Peoria, Ill., and E. N. Cook, of Buffalo, all of whom are stopping at the Murray Hill Hotel.

The Committee from the Liquor Dealers' Association called at the hotel this morning, and were met by President Greenhut, who escorted them in to a private room where a large number of the committee were waiting.

President Greenhut, Chairman John Kersey, William A. Tyler, Martin C. Cook, George W. Charles, of New York, and Robert A. Green, Adolph Meyers, Max D. Stern, Charles Murray and Louis Steinberg.

Members of the Committee were asked to state exactly what they wished the Trust to do, but they all declined to discuss the matter.

President Greenhut also refused to speak of the threatened war between the Trust and the dealers. The resolutions passed yesterday were read, and the committee was told that the Trust would meet them to-day.

These resolutions recite that the Trust's recent action, compelling dealers to accept a rebate of five cents per gallon of spirits purchased from the Trust, is arbitrary and oppressive, and that the committee, in order to protect the interests of the dealers, has decided to build and operate their own distillery.

The committee also declared that the Trust's action was a violation of the laws of the State, and that they would take legal action against the Trust.

The dealers now call upon the Trust to waive the rebate condition of its sales, and to allow them to purchase spirits in the open market.

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2 O'CLOCK.

Explosion and Fire at the New York Infant Asylum.

Six Hundred Little Ones in Deadly Peril from Blazing Oil.

The flames fought under difficulties—No Loss of Life.

Mr. VERNON N. Y., June 24.—Only the prompt action of a well-organized corps of volunteer fire-fighters saved this peaceful village from being the scene of a most frightful holocaust this morning.

Shortly after 2 o'clock fireman John Lynch discovered fire in the New York Infant Asylum, on the White Plains road.

The fire was in the basement and cellar. A barrel of oil used for disinfecting purposes became ignited and exploded, and in an instant fierce flames enveloped the lower stories of the main building.

There were 400 little ones housed in the building and almost paralyzed the flames for a moment.

But for a moment only, when the village turned out en masse and fought the flames with desperate will.

The asylum is on the outskirts of the village on the White Plains road, but the Fire Department hurried thither.

At this time the fire was at its height, and the flames were eating the roof of the building. The firemen were working with a will in rescuing the children, and to the coolness and presence of mind of those in charge is due the saving of every child.

Among those who were most energetic in this work was William H. Leonard.

Mr. Leonard was badly burned about the face and body.

The nurses, orderlies and mothers swelled the number of inmates of the asylum to 600.

Head Physician Kerts maintained perfect control over all and he gave orders to the nurses to marshal the little ones in marching order.

All hands obeyed and the children were moved out of the fiery furnace without any panic.

The flames, after reaching the dining-room, crept up the walls of the building to the third story.

The little ones had but just left that floor. When the barrel of oil exploded, and the work of the firemen was thereby simplified. The fire was extinguished at 11.15.

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